The Evening World.

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CONVERTED.

BEFORE the Public Utilities Committee of the Constitutional Convention at Albany the highest praise for the functions of the Public Service Commissions and the strongest arguments for adding to the power of the Commissioners by making them constitutional officers came from the New York Telephone Company.

This is the same corporation which a year ago was entrenching itself against The Evening World's campaign for lower telephone rates and fighting off the Public Service Commission with resourceful strategy.

The Evening World won. The new rates go into effect next week. But the New York Telephone Company, too, has won a great victory—over itself.

It now believes, its general counsel told the Convention committee this week, that

> Publicity and the throwing open of their books is going to be the safeguard of public service corporations with the people in the future.

The company's officers, Counsel Swayze declared, did not appeal from the telephone rate decision, which involved $5,000,000 a year income, because they choose rather to adapt themselves to existing conditions.

> "They are there to perform a service for the public. Their relationship with their clientele is more important in the long run than carrying cases to the courts."

Over and over again in the course of the fight this newspaper assured the New York Telephone Company that its only hope lay in making friends with the public. The company is to be heartily congratulated that it is now so thoroughly converted to this view that it needs moved to preach it to others.

The Evening World repeats with deep conviction what it said months ago:

> The amount of energy any public utility corporation has left to expend upon its business these days depends upon the degree to which it is willing to consider the rights and interests of the public that supports it. Corporations have long been strong fighters for privilege. But of late the public has learned how to put up a still stronger fight for its rights.
>
> All public service corporations will save themselves vain expenditures of energy, and of money as well, when they finally see that it is wiser to have no fight at all.

Think of detaining a Dernburg!

THE POLICE GAMES TO-MORROW.

NEW YORKERS should see to it that there is a record attendance at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track to-morrow for the Police Games. There will be a fine chance then, and again July 3, to see how the men are trained in different kinds of police work, how the police dogs are used, besides the excitement of riding, skirmishing and contests of strength and skill.

The gate money goes to the widows and orphans of policemen killed in the performance of duty. The regular Police Pension Fund is all too scant. When a patrolman meets sudden death, ready money is often lacking for the immediate needs of his widow and children. In the last six years twenty-three policemen have lost their lives in the service of the public. It is a risk which each and every man on the force may be called upon to face again and again in his day's work.

One way the public can prove its pride and interest in the department is to turn out and make its field day a rousing success.

Anyhow the new city flag is a triumph of neutrality—French or German, according to degrees of color blindness.

A PLOT TO SAVE THE CORONERS?

AN AMENDMENT restoring the office of Coroner to the list of constitutional officers prescribed for each county in this State is said to have been presented to the Constitutional Convention by its Committee on County, Town and Village Officers.

The City of New York, after a thorough investigation of its antiquated, graft-ridden Coroner system, decided it wanted to have done with Coroners forever. The Legislature during its last session passed an act which will abolish the office of Coroner in this city after Dec. 31, 1917. The city is not going to stand by and see this work slyly undone.

The Constitutional Convention of 1894 took the office of Coroner out of the list of constitutional offices. It did this in order to remove the constitutional obstacle in the way of legislative action aiming to abolish the system. Why deliberately put back that obstacle?

The investigation which Commissioner of Accounts Wallstein conducted last winter convinced this city once and for all that its Coroners' Office is nothing but a back eddy of petty politics, incompetence and graft. The system is worse than useless. It has already been condemned. It is inconceivable that the Constitutional Convention could be tricked into saving it.

DO YOU JIT?

When bicycles came we "biked." To-day, if we're lucky, we "motor" and "mote." To-morrow—well, mayn't we "jit"? It's a candidate word. Will it pass the primaries? Instead of "git up and git," why not presently "jit up and jit"?

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Some people seem to think it is not plagiarism if they don't express the same idea so well.—Nashville Banner.

* * *

When men argue, you can tell who is being worsted from the violence of his vociferation.

* * *

Vanity makes a man an easy mark for flatterers.—Albany Journal.

* * *

The public man who thinks too much about his place in history is likely to neglect some of the little details that make for faithful service.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

From day to day one receives much advice that is good enough to take, and is better than the average cold remedy.

* * *

"You may have observed," remarked the Man on the Car, "that contributions to the conscience fund are always small."—Toledo Blade.

The New Captain

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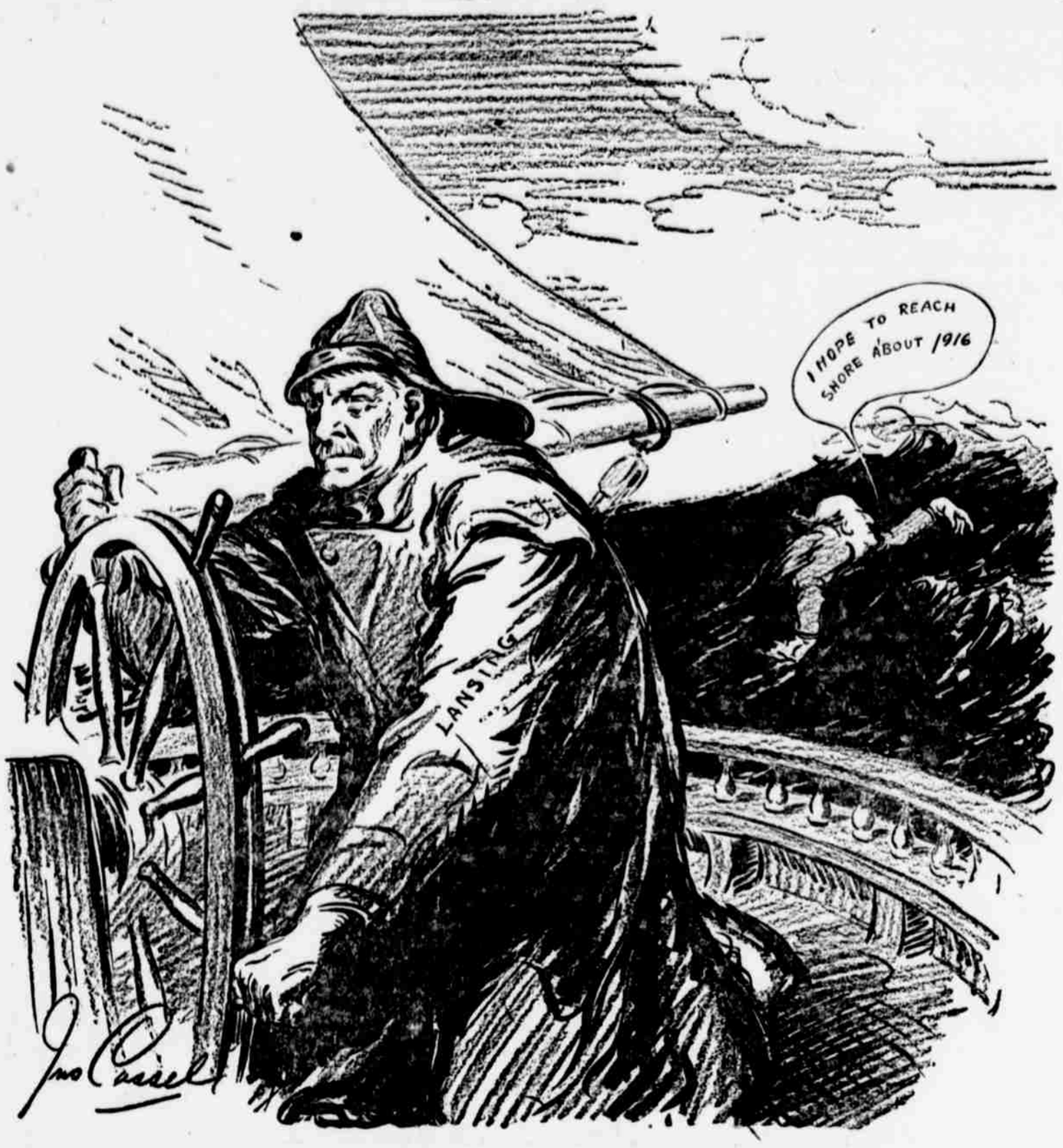
By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mrs. Jarr Is Heartsick Because Mr. Jarr Can't Hear Himself Snore

HAVING just partaken of a hearty supper, Mr. Jarr came into the front room of the Jarr flat and, picking up a book and adjusting the light so he could read in comfort, threw himself on the sofa.

"Now I know what you are going to do!" said Mrs. Jarr, upon beholding her husband comfortable in his own home, "you are going to fall asleep!"

"I am not," growled Mr. Jarr. "I'm going to read this book!"

"That's what you always say," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But that is all the pleasure and company I have with you. If throwing yourself and going to sleep on the sofa after supper is all you stay home for, why don't you say so? I'm sure you are home little enough, and when you are you might stay awake!"

"I am staying awake," cried Mr. Jarr. "I want to read this book. Don't you want me to read?"

"I don't mind your reading," retorted Mrs. Jarr, "and you know it. But you are not going to read. You can't think of any reasonable excuse for going out and joining your cronies at that Gus's saloon on the corner, and so you do what you always do the few times you are home of an evening—go to sleep and snore!"

"I don't snore," said Mr. Jarr. "You're the one that snores in this house."

It is unladylike to snore. Hence, no lady snores, or if she does it is when she is asleep and is unconscious of it. Anyway, they all deny the impeachment.

After vehemently denying that she snored, that she ever intended to snore, that any one of her family ever snored, Mrs. Jarr sighed and returned to the original grievance.

"I am sure," she said, "if young girls with their heads full of romantic ideas about men could see into the future when they were married, and have a vision of the hero of their fondest fancies getting fat and bald and sleeping on a sofa"——

"And if young men could see ten years ahead and behold the dainty damsels they adore growling and fussing at them when they tried to sit quietly at home and read a book, they wouldn't marry, either, if that's what you mean to say!" retorted Mr. Jarr.

Then she left the room to get the children to bed, and when she returned Mr. Jarr was sound asleep on the sofa. He was in a most uncomfortable position. His collar was choking him, the sofa pillow had slipped from under his head and the light was shining full into his closed eyes.

So with deft fingers she undid his collar and slipped the pillow back under his head.

"I wish I could wake him up, just so he could hear himself snore," said Mrs. Jarr to herself.

Then she felt his hands. They were cold.

"And he's right in a draught from that window and will wake up with a dreadful cold!" she continued, still to herself.

So she tiptoed into the next room and brought out a quilt, which she tucked about the sleeper.

"Now," she said, "he's nice and comfortable—all but that horrid light in his eyes."

So saying, she put out the light and left Mr. Jarr to his slumber.

She had not long retired when Mr. Jarr, being now warm and comfortable on the sofa and soothed by the dark, awoke, as the miller awakens when the noise stops.

But, alas, sleep, even when he had gotten into bed, stood aloof from him for hours.

"Look here!" he cried at last, shaking Mrs. Jarr, "how can any one get to sleep the way you snore?"

Why Your Clothes Are Not Becoming

By Andre Dupont.

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Collars That Really Suit You.

THE new frock you bought the other day with so much pleasure is now a disappointment. It seemed so attractive when you first saw it in the shop, the material was so pretty, the style of the garment suited your figure, the color set off your complexion so well, that you cannot understand why it is so unbecoming.

Nine chances out of ten, it is because the shape of the collar or the trimming that finishes the neck is not well suited to your type of features nor does it display your throat to advantage. Five or six years ago, when collars consisted simply of a straight high stock worn close around the throat, it was unnecessary to give this detail a great deal of thought, for all neckwear must be made alike. But nowadays, when, roughly speaking, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine styles to choose from, it is easy to make a mistake. Nothing so quickly spoils the effect of an otherwise pretty gown as an unfortunate neck finish.

The woman with a perfect neck, one that is neither too long nor too short, that is not scrawny nor yellow but has all its bones and sinews covered with a firm white skin, can wear anything she chooses, for it will be sure to be becoming. Unfortunately, however, the majority of us are not blessed with such necks as this. So it behooves us to select what suits us. And certainly this season Dame Fashion has had everybody in mind, for she has designed neckwear for every woman if only every woman is clever enough to choose the right shape.

But this happens so seldom! Why will the long-necked person insist on wearing a low flat collar that makes her look like a picked chicken, when she could just as easily wear one of those becoming new collars of organdie, lawn or lace that are cut a little high in the back, but are open in the front to give comfort as well as a stylish effect—such a collar, for instance, as is shown in the illustration? And if she is very thin she can draw the collar closer together until prominent bones and hollows are becomingly covered, or she can wear a collar that fastens just below the throat and ends in a narrow pointed vest. The collar can either be made on the dress or, what is more convenient, made separately and pinned in place. In this way it can be washed as often as desired without having to launder the entire frock.

But the woman who is stout and has a short neck must never adopt such neckwear as I have just described, no matter how much she may admire it on others. She looks best when she keeps everything as flat as possible about the neck. Nor should these flat collars be too broad. For anything at all resembling a sailor collar makes the figure look much larger.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

"LUXURY," by Voltaire.

IN the country of the barefoot, could luxury be imputed to the first man who made himself a pair of shoes? Was he not rather a model of sense and industry? So of the man who contrived the first shirt. As to the man who first had it washed and ironed, I set him down as a genius abundant in resource and well qualified to govern a state. Naturally, however, a society unused to clean shirts looked upon him as an effeminate coxcomb, who was likely to corrupt the simplicity of the nation. At least twenty volumes have been written about luxury, which has neither increased nor diminished.

For the space of two thousand years, both in verse and prose, this pleasant vice has been attacked—and cherished. When the Romans, for example, had systematically robbed every country from the Adriatic to the Euphrates and had developed sense enough to enjoy the fruits of their plundering, when they cultivated the arts and tasted all the pleasures of life and communicated them to the conquered nations then, we are told, they ceased to be wise and good.

The moral seems to be that a robber ought not to eat the dinner he has taken, nor wear the coat he has stolen, nor ornament his fingers with plundered rings. But what morality ought to say is: Never rob; it is your duty not to rob.

If by luxury you mean excess let us at once admit that excess is pernicious in abstinence as well as in gluttony, in parsimony as in profusion. Should a cultivator of the soil plough in his best clothes, and with his hair dressed and powdered, he would display the most absurd luxury; but were a rich citizen of London to appear at the play in the dress of this peasant he would exhibit the grossest, the most ridiculous parsimony.

On the invention of scissors, what was not said of those who pared their nails and cut off the hair that was hanging about their eyes? They were doubtless regarded as prodigals and coxcombs, buying an extravagant instrument, fit only to spoil the work of the Creator. What a sin to pare the horn which God himself made to grow at our finger ends! It was an insult to Divinity. With shirts and socks it was far worse. With what wrath and indignation did the old counsellors who had never worn socks exclaim against the young magistrate who encouraged so fatal a luxury!

Editorials by Women

WHAT ARE COLLEGES FOR?

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

THE salutatorian in this year's graduating class at Trinity College is likely to lose his diploma because he cannot chin the bar. A young man at Columbia almost didn't graduate because he couldn't swim a certain number of yards. The President of the class of 1915 at Radcliffe wails because college has not taught her to keep house.

In the minds of some of us the question must arise, "What are colleges for?" Is it their proper function to turn out professional acrobats, swimmers and cooks? And if that be so, isn't the whole process absurdly expensive? May not the use of the horizontal bar, of the swimming pool and of the kitchen stove be taught in a period of less than four years, and at a cost of less than $700 or $800 a year?

The mind has its needs and its rights, even in an age of utilitarianism and of worship of the body. The old idea of the college was, quite frankly, to cultivate and train the mind by giving it access to the great storehouse of history, to the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, to the well of English undefiled.

Probably too little attention was paid to physical culture and to the practical demands of life. But are not these considerations usurping more than their fair share of space in modern educational schemes?

At any rate, if the college is to be nothing more than a combination of gymnasium, business school and domestic science laboratories, the sooner the fact is admitted the better.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 18—A PIECE OF BREAD. By Francois Coppee.

THE young Duke of Hardimont was rich and lazy. Money, leisure, social position were his in ample measure.

Soon after the Franco-Prussian War began he sat in the dining room of his club one morning finishing an elaborate breakfast. He chanced to see in the paper beside his plate the account of France's first great defeat. Yawning, he rose from the table, strolled across to the nearest recruiting office and enlisted as a private soldier. Patriotism and the memory of hero ancestors had for once overcome his indolent love for the good things of life.

All summer and all autumn Private Hardimont fought gallantly for his country. Late in November his regiment was ordered to join the stricken army that defended Paris against the besieging Prussian hordes. The army was on short rations. Food was pitifully scarce.

The Starving Soldier.

One afternoon Hardimont walked through the camps, gnawing disgustedly at a hunk of dry bread which was his daily ration. He had always been a high liver until he had voluntarily chanced such fare as this by enlisting. And he could not bring himself to eat the mouldy, stale morsel. With a shudder of disgust he flung the half-chewed bread into the mud of the camp road.

At once a skeleton-like youth darted forward from the shadow of a tent, snatched up the mud-smeared lump of bread and gobbled it ravenously. The Duke of Hardimont looked on in amazement as the starving soldier ate.

"If I'd known you wanted the bread," said the Duke, "I wouldn't have thrown it away."

"The mud doesn't spoil it," mumbled the soldier, his mouth full. "I'm not squeamish."

The two fell into talk. The Duke told his name, but did not mention his rank. The other man gave his own name as Jean-Victor. Being a foundling asylum child he had never had a last name. Hardimont led the poor chap on to talk about himself.

Jean-Victor, it seemed, was the slave of one single great ambition that he had never yet been able to satisfy. His ambition was that some day he might have enough to eat. All his life he had been hungry. Never once had he had a square meal. In the foundling days he had been starved. As a growing lad he had still been starved. He told the Duke how he and other unfortunates were in the habit of searching the pavements and gutters for pieces of thrown-away bread. He had joined the French army, hoping to be well fed for once. But the war had begun immediately and short rations had been the rule.

It had never occurred to rich young Hardimont that any man could suffer continually from hunger. He promised to share all his own rations henceforth with his new friend. Jean-Victor was absurdly grateful for the offer.

That very night he had a chance to prove his gratitude. Hardimont was ordered out on sentry duty. As he was fast asleep when the order came to the tent Jean-Victor volunteered to take his place. Out went Jean-Victor to his friend's post, leaving Hardimont still sleeping.

There was a Prussian attack that night. Among the killed was Jean-Victor, who had been shot through the head while he was patrolling Hardimont's sentry beat.

* * * * * * *

The millionaire Duke of Hardimont came out into the rain from his club. With him was another nobleman. As they crossed the pavement toward their carriage the Duke's foot struck against an object that lay on the curb. He glanced down and saw the thing he had kicked was a half loaf of bread.

In Memory of a Hero.

Stooping, the Duke picked up the bread, carefully wiped the mud from it with his handkerchief and laid it on a bench nearby. His friend laughed in derisive wonder.

"Why did you do that?" he asked. "Are you drunk?"

"I did it in memory of a brave man who died for me," replied the Duke simply. "Please don't laugh. It offends me."

How to Make a Hit

By Alma Woodward

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On the Beach.

(Any old beach is good enough for a tryout, but, if possible, pick the most crowded one you know of. To insure success, have your bathing dress cut on lines which make it a cinch that you rely on the warmth of your heart rather than on material by the yard for your calories.)

FIRST: Make your first entrance fresh from the bathing house by running down the incline onto the beach, protesting shrilly: "Now, Bennie; now, you stop, now!" If there is one cry more than another that's bound to create a furor on any beach it's that. From that moment people will contract dislocation of various vertebrae rubbering at Bennie and you.

Second: Before you go into the water—oh, long before—start to play ball. Pitch with all the parabolic perfection of a Christy Mathewson; catch grounders and sky-balls with the elastic ease of a Hal Chase—until you miss. Even then, don't turn around to discover that the errant ball has appropriated a square of tender, peeling skin from the face of some blamed fool who's lying out flat, getting baked. Just kick the sand petulantly, on account of your slip and send a scoopful of it flying into the open mouth of a fat and bald person with a shoebrush goatee, who sleeps that way because his mother never broke him of the habit.

Third: In running after the ball fall over a couple of spoony pairs, step on some one's lunch that's all spread out on paper (something squashy, like ripe tomatoes and stuffed eggs) and collide with the boy who's selling ice cream cones (much to the delight of a year-old infant who scoops the ice cream up, sand and all, and devours it to the staccato shrieking of his mother, who's too fat to get there in time to prevent it).

Fourth: Although by this time you're pretty firmly established, don't stop. Your next move is to discover that you've lost Bennie. Scan several horizons. Decide that he MUST have gone into the water when you had your back turned—that he's got a cramp—and sunk! Here's where you make a hit with the lifesavers, who are ready to launch the catamaran, especially when Bennie emerges from a sandy grave that he's dug himself into for fun and says: "Boo! That's the time I had you going."

Fifth: Just now is the psychological moment to "go in." Grab Bennie's knuckly digits and do a Pavlowa-Bacchanale dash into the waves. Knock down a couple of timid ones who are lingering near the edge. Seize the life rope suddenly, making a whole line of women scream, and then, to show that you're a real water rat, dive down under and grab Bennie's feet, only to come up and find that the feet you grabbed didn't belong on Bennie at all!

Sixth: On your way back to the bathhouse give sundry, neatly starched groups needle-point showers by doing the "wet dog shake."

(Caution: Never imagine that you look like Undine or Aphrodite in your wet bathing suit. You don't. Neither of these ladies were real.)